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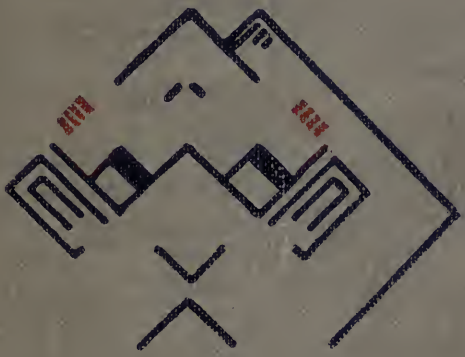

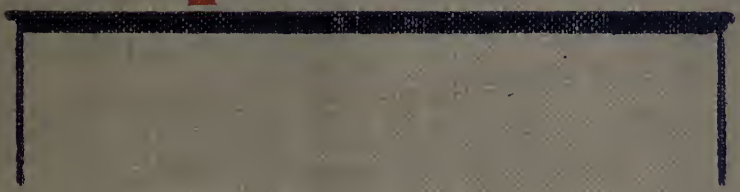

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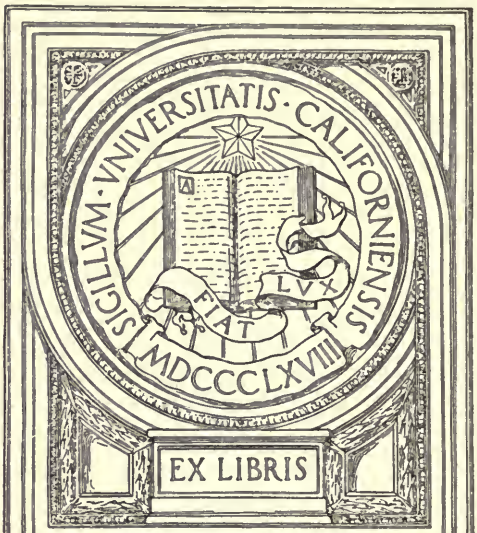

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

THE WIZZYWAB

OTHER BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

LEGENDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

LEGENDS OF SAN FRANCISCO

ORIENTAL RAMBLES.

RAINBOW STORIES.

Sincerely,
George W. Caldwell

THE WIZZYWAB

By

GEORGE W. CALDWELL, M. D.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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INTRODUCTION.

Did you ever hear of the Sapient Seer
By the name of the Wise Hokomu,
Who made up the rules for the Animal Schools,
And conjured the Kangaroo,
Or the musical Frog, or the talkative Dog,
Or Boomaroar, King of the Sea?
For if you have not, I think that you ought
To study these pages with me.
In jingles I tell of the things that befell
The adventurous boy, Johnnie Bob,
Who dreamed one night of a wonderful flight
To the Land of the Wizzywab.

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Chapter I

The Flight to the Land of the Wizzywab

"Bang!"

The gasoline tank had exploded. The aeroplane folded its wings and dropped toward the earth. Johnnie Bob, having fallen out of the seat, traveled slightly in advance, revolving gracefully.

He was not especially frightened, but naturally he had a mild curiosity about where he would land. He hoped it would be a soft spot, like an Ice Cream Lake, or a Lemon Pie Pond, or a Custard River. Of the three he decided that he would prefer an Ice Cream Lake. "I wish," he continued, "I had kept

the Magic Wings the Owl gave me in the Rainbow Stories. Wings would be convenient in an emergency like this." He flapped his arms about in a vain effort to fly and thereby sadly disarranged the bed clothes.

Before proceeding further with this narrative it may be well to explain that, altogether, it had been a strenuous day for Johnnie Bob. He had been to the Menagerie, the Aquarium, and the Aviation Grounds. After watching the flying machines for some time he decided that instead of being a hunter, or a fisherman, he would be an Aviator when he grew up.

That night, directly after he had gone to sleep, the Menagerie animals began to parade around his bed. Kangaroos, Zebras, Elephants, Giraffes, Camels, and Rhinoceroses went around and around and around. Fishes from the Aquarium rubbed their noses against the outside of the window panes,

opening and closing their mouths in an effort to communicate some secret of the deep sea.

The scene changed abruptly, as it often does when one is asleep, and Johnnie Bob found himself transported to the sky, where he was piloting a flying machine in and out among the clouds. He soon realized why keen eyesight and accurate judgment is necessary for an Aviator. After having collided with a cloud that was so thick that it stalled his engine, he learned the first lesson in aviation, which is, 'Fly around clouds that are too thick to fly through.' However, inexperience being considered, everything was going well until the fog got wound around the propeller, which punctured the wheel base, which short-circuited the differential, which exploded the gasoline tank, as indicated in the preliminary "Bang!" in the first paragraph of this history.

Now he was falling in easy stages, to be

sure, from cloud to cloud; although if his Mother had looked in his room she might have noticed only a healthy but restless boy in a comfortable bed with the blankets kicked off and a sheet twisted around his neck.

However, as has been reported previously, Johnnie Bob was falling toward the earth, bouncing lightly from cloud to cloud. While it cannot be said that he was, at that time, especially interested in the scenery, he did observe that a forest appeared to be coming up to meet him. He fell upon the topmost branch of a tree which swayed beneath his weight and balanced him off to another branch, then to another, and finally he was dropped sprawling on the head of a Giraffe who was in the act of reaching for a succulent twig. The astonishment was mutual. The Giraffe lowered him safely to the ground.

Johnnie Bob wiggled his toes to be sure he was all right, then sat up and looked around.

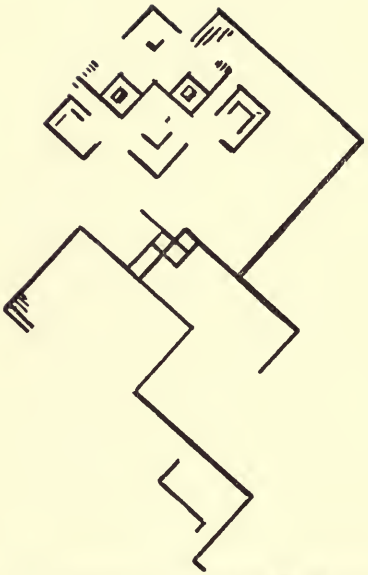
He found himself in the midst of a group of wild animals who were regarding him curiously and asking each other in whispers, "Who is the new pupil?"

"Where am I?" asked Johnnie Bob.

"In The Land of the Wizzywab," the Giraffe replied, rubbing his head sorrowfully with a front foot, "and I must say you have an odd way of coming to school."

"Excuse me for dropping in so suddenly. I hope I didn't hurt you, and I thank you very kindly for the use of your neck. Is there a flying school around here?"

"Oh, yes. The Hokomu teaches plain and fancy flying," the Giraffe explained, "but first you must interview the Wizzywab. His office hours are from forty-five minutes after eight to a quarter before nine, and he is usually not in." Taking Johnnie Bob on his neck the accommodating Giraffe cantered off.



The Wizzywab said: "Please walk this way."

Chapter II

The Office of the Wizzywab

The Wizzywab was found at a desk entirely surrounded by feathers which he had plucked from unhappy students. He was busily engaged in marking large zeros on examination papers and entering black marks in the Book of Fate. The ticking of clockwork could be heard distinctly as he turned his head to fix his cold and penetrating eyes upon the intruder.

"Please Sir," Johnnie Bob stammered, "Please Sir, I would like to go to school and get a diploma."

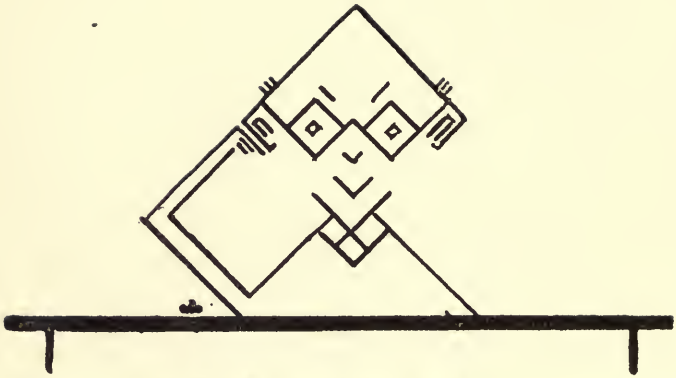
"Professional or useful?" the Wizzywab inquired, briskly measuring off several yards of red tape.

"Aviation."

The Wizzywab sandpapered his bald head thoughtfully.

"You first must learn a lot of things,"
He said, "and not forget them,
About our Yells and Frats and Belles
And Queens and how to get them.
I'll take you to the Hokomu,
Explaining your desires;
He keeps the school for Animals
And amateurish Flyers.
Present this card when you apply,
And say these words politely,
'Good morning, Teacher, Here am I,'
And bend your body slightly.
These most important rules obey;
Now, Johnnie Bob, please walk this way."

The Wizzywab started off, taking three steps to one side, then three steps to the other, Johnnie Bob walking that way as instructed. All the time the Wizzywab's third eye, placed in the middle of the bald spot on the back of his head, was peering around to see what the pupils were doing. Nothing escaped him. He was a good teacher.



The Ho-ko-mu sat in his cave
Teaching school with manner grave.

Chapter III

The School of the Hokomu

The Hokomu was found in a cave where he kept school for the animals and birds. He taught them how to build houses, dens and nests, and how to swim, fly and sing. He gave Johnnie Bob the usual smile and waved him to a seat beside a white hen who was constantly interrupting to ask silly questions. She seemed never to tire of scratching on the ground and saying, in a low voice, over and over again, "Wh-a-at, wha-a-at, what, what, what, what, wha--a-at, wha-a-at, what, what?

A Skye Terrier sat on a bench across the aisle. Apparently he was not pleased with the new pupil, for his beady black eyes glared

through his bangs at Johnnie Bob, while he barked:

"I am tough, I am gruff,
And I like my food rough,
  Especially hominy grits.
I bark all I dare,
And sometimes I can scare
  A stranger half out of his wits.

But I wouldn't bite,
For I know it's not right
  To nibble the legs of a Man;
But I think it no harm
To raise an alarm
  And frighten him off if I can."

The Hokomu reprimanded the Dog by beating him very kindly. Johnnie Bob asked many questions about the animals. He wanted to know how they happened to grow that

way; when, where and why. The Hokomu, being a kind teacher, explained:

"When evolution evolutes
It gives the habits to the brutes
That render them the most content,
According to environment;
And when a habit grows and grows,
In course of time it plainly shows
A change upon the form or face
That makes another breed or race.

Regard the answers that we bring
Through subtle ways of reasoning,
For when we pause to reason out
The way that such things come about
A Scientist like me can tell
The nature of an an-i-mel.
Allow me to e-lu-ci-date
The reasons for their present state."

The Hokomu began making drawings on the blackboard with colored crayons, then he continued:

"The Giraffe's neck grew over-long,
We Scientists agree,
Because he stretched it up to reach
The leaves upon the tree.

The Elephant's nose grew long because
Of stealthy exercise
In hunting through the pantry shelves
For cookies, jams, and pies.

The Camel has a sneering lip
And egotistic bump;
He shrugged his shoulders up with pride
Until he made a hump.

The Zebra will not work at all,
And so black marks were sent
For him to wear upon his sides
By way of punishment.

A Lamb played hookey from the school
And lost his woolly coat
While gamboling on the green, and so
He thus became the Goat.

The Hen is wise to advertise
With optimistic clucks
To make her eggs more popular
Than those produced by Ducks.

Observe the Pig. He never works
And so grows over-fat,
And loses all his graceful lines,
But he don't care for that.

He doesn't mix in politics
Nor seek society,
But sleeps all day upon the hay
And grunts philosophy."

The Hokomu erased the drawings.

"Another question I ask of you,"
Said Johnnie Bob to the Hokomu,
"Concerning the habits of the Hen,
And the language used in the chicken pen."

"Proceed," the Hokomu encouraged.

"The Hen, the Hen, the curious Hen,
Why does she question so contantly when
Out in the garden patch taking the air,
Hunting the breakfast that she can find there
To suit her fastidious hen bill-of-fare?
She says, 'What, wha-at, what what?' just so—
What is it that she wishes to know?"

"My child, my Child, inquisitive Child,
That is her hunting song which has beguiled

Many early worms to a foul tragedy,
And she sings it low, in a minor key,
Harmonious poultry poetry.
When she sings 'What, what,' she wants
to know,
By scratching, what she can find below."

"The Hen, the Hen, industrious Hen
Sings another song in the chicken pen,
A cackling song, full of laughter and
grace,
A suitable song for the time and the
place,
And wears, while she sings it, a smile on
her face.
'Cutcut, cut-ut!' It goes that way;
What is it that she is trying to say?"

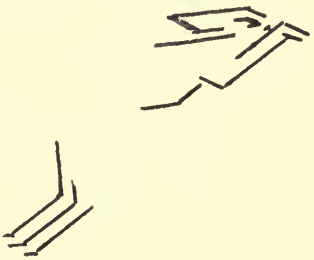
"My boy, my Boy, adorable Boy,
That is a jubilant jumble of joy
That she sings when an egg she has
graciously laid;

Skillfully, artfully, recently made,
Guaranteed fresh and strictly high-
grade.
'Cutcut, cut-ut!' from the chicken pen
Is the glorious lay of the laying Hen."

The Hokomu then called the school to order with three sharp raps with his ruler. He said that recitations would proceed according to procedure. Kittie Cat then went to the platform, walking gracefully and mewed:

"Nettie, the noodle knitter, knitting with
care,
Knit a nice noodle necktie for Neddie to
wear;
Not knowing the purpose, but being
polite,
He ate up the necktie for supper that
night."

"Master Jack Rabbit will now recite his lesson," said the Hokomu.



Jack hopped to the platform and recited rapidly, but with a slight lisp, on account of his hare-lip:

"Theo, the thread thrower, threw a thick thread
Through the eye of a needle as he stood on his head;
While Theda, the thorn thruster, merely for fun,
Thrust thirty thick thorns through Theo's thick thumb."

The pupils applauded violently with their thumb nails.

"If Tom Turtle is awake, which I doubt," said the Hokomu, "he may recite 'The Battle of the Bacilli.'"

Tom thrust his head slowly out from under his shell, lumbered up on the platform, and began to recite very deliberately and distinctly:

"Man is a ver-te-brate, and wears a thick skin
To carry his muscles and skeleton in.
The nerves carry messages out from the brain,
And bring in the news that he suffers a pain.
His heart keeps the blood-current moving along
To carry strange substances where they belong

To build up the body and keep in repair
All his machinery, even his hair.
The food that he eats, we may safely rely,
By digestive process is made to supply
The nourishment needed to make children grow;
But why it should do so, I really don't know.

But Man has his foes, and I safely can call
The bad Strep-to-coc-cus the worst of them all.
They get in his system and start up a fight,
And multiply millions or more in a night;
And that causes fever and swelling and pain;
And then they begin it all over again.
Then comes the Leu-co-cytes, loyal and true,
To fight the invaders as soldiers would do.
Germs by the millions advance to attack,

Charging the Leu-co-cytes, driving them back,
Throwing out toxins in poisoning plot;
But Leu-co-cytes fight, hand to hand, with the lot,
With good anti-toxins to stop the disease,
Which shows that the Leu-co-cytes try hard to please."

"All of which is partly true and entirely incomprehensible," the Hokomu remarked pensively. Then he suddenly demanded, "Who, Oh, who was Christopher Columbus? Pansy O'Possum tell me that."

Pansy shuffled to the platform, made a very pretty bow, turned in her toes, and recited in a monotonous voice with appropriate gestures:

Columbus was a sailor man
Who sailed the raging sea
About five hundred years ago
We read in history.

He studied his geography,
And theorized with eggs,
While making them stand on their ends
As though the things had legs.

He said he thought the world was round,
While others thought it flat;
He didn't say what made it so,
For Newton would do that.

He argued that by sailing west,
Toward the Spanish Main,
He'd reach the East, and so they said,
"The man must be insane."

He had no money to defray
The necessary cost;
The Bankers sadly tapped their heads
And kept their fingers crossed.

Queen Isabella said to him,
"I will finance the trip;

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As you need ships and partners, too,
We'll make a partner-ship."

Three dinkey ships were furnished and
They sailed away, but when
The chili-beans were running low
They started home again.

Then up rose Christopher in wrath,
And pointing to the west,
Spoke these historic words as he
Was pulling down his vest:

"Sail on, sail on, my hungry men,
And likewise good and true!
We must discover America
In fourteen ninety-two."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! the crew replied,
Or words to that effect;
And then they turned the ships toward
America direct.

Due west they sailed for many days,
And saw no sights but sea;
The sailors sulked about the decks,
And hissed of mutiny.

At last they saw the lights ahead—
"America!" they cried,
As sweet aromas came to them
Of onions being fried.

And so we honor Christopher—
It ever will be thus,
For where would we have been if he
Had not discovered us?"

When the applause had subsided the Hokomu said: "Will someone tell us how the Kangaroo occurred?"

Billy Goat bounded to the platform and, after bowing rapidly several times, bleated the following story:

"The Hokomu sat in his cave
Teaching school with manner grave.
His pupils were the beasts and birds,
And animals that roam in herds
Through grassy vales and woodland park,
And those who hunt them after dark.

When all attempted to recite
The lessons for the day and night,
The cave resounded with the ring
Of bleats and barks and chattering.

The Hokomu was very sad,
For some were good, but many bad;
Some knew their lessons, some did not,

And many were the battles fought
By Cats and Dogs, and in the cave
Were others who would not behave.
Because of jokes that some had played,
And for the mischief others made,
Some were whipped, and others sent
To sit alone for punishment.

The patience of the Hokomu
At last gave out, as it will do
For anyone who keeps, my child,
A school for animals so wild.

And then the Hokomu arose
With spectacles upon his nose,
And said, 'You've broken every rule
That governs in this beastly school.
I hoped you would at last repent
And so avoid the punishment,
For if you had, I would forgive
The tricks you've played, and gladly give

Another chance, at any rate,
To finish school and graduate.
But now it is too late; I fear
The punishment must be severe,
As merited by your neglect
To show your Teacher such respect
As Teachers everywhere agree
Is suited to their dignity.

Before I tell you of your fate,
I think I should enumerate
The names of culprits, one by one,
And state the mischief they have done.

The Rabbit and the Fox agree
On methods of tormenting me.
The Deer, relying on her grace,
Neglects her work before my face.
The Donkey, with his playful ways,
When I'm asleep, comes in and brays.
The Crocodile, when no one cheers,

Crawls in my bed and sheds his tears;
And when I sit beneath a tree,
The noisy Squirrel throws nuts at me.

I've warned you to amend your ways;
I've scolded you for days and days;
I've punished all the rules permit,
But no one seems to care a bit.

I see that each of you possess
Some feature that in homeliness
Exceeds all others in the school,
And holds you up to ridicule;
So, I shall take from each the part
That is ridiculous, and start
Another animal, quite new,
That all the world may laugh at you.

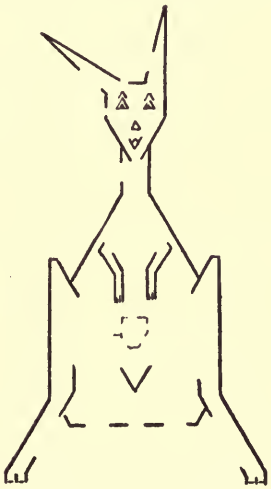
Come to the desk and stand in line,
And listen close or I'll resign.
Do as I say and watch me well,
For now I work my magic spell.

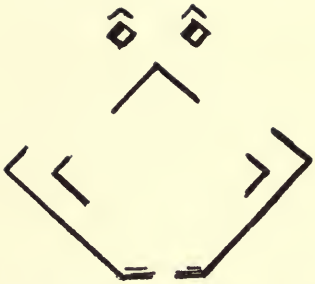
Hocusy, pocusy, chicory, chaff;
Hickory, pickery, dickery, daff;
Stand on the right foot and hold the left high;
Smile on the right side and wink the left eye;
Turn out the elbows and turn up the toes;
Crow like a rooster and wiggle the nose;
Oysters are happier, everyone knows,
When served on a platter in half of their clothes.
Hocusy, pocusy, chicory, chaff;
But the magic won't work if you laugh.

Hocusy, pocusy, out of the air
Come, I command you, a form like a pear;
For you the legs of a Rabbit I grow;
On you the arms of the Squirrel I bestow;
The head of the Deer I will place at the top,
But on it the ears of the Donkey will flop.

A pocket I give you, and please do not
mind
When I pin the Crocodile's tail on behind.
Hocussy, pocussy, chicory, chaff;
But the magic won't work if you laugh.

'And now I have made,' said the wise
Hokomu,
'A hippity-hoppity Kangaroo.'
And he introduced, according to rule,
The Kangaroo to the animal school."





"Nice view," said the Frog. "Stranger in these parts?"

Chapter IV

Johnnie Bob in Frogland

The School of the Hokomu having been dismissed for the day, Johnnie Bob wandered into the forest. He reached the edge of a marsh and sat down on a moss-covered log to rest. He was thinking where he would go next in search of a Flying School when a Frog hopped upon the log and sat down beside him.

"Nice view," the Frog croaked, rolling his eyes, "Stranger in these parts?"

"Well, yes," Johnnie Bob admitted. "I am looking for a Flying School. I want to be an Aviator."

"Ever try singing?" the Frog inquired, becoming interested and moving nearer. "I think it is safer." He cleared his throat and ran the scales, "Do-re-me-fa-so-la-ce-da-a-a."

Somewhere in the distance Frogs were singing in deep basso, "I want to fly. I want to fly." Then came in shrill falsetto—"Wish I could. Wish I could."

"That is our Opera Company rehearsing," the Frog explained.

"It is wonderful to be able to sing like that," Johnnie Bob encouraged.

"Yes, it is," the Frog admitted modestly. "I sing soprano, but sometimes my voice breaks to bass."

"Wouldn't it be terrible if it broke to pieces! Johnnie Bob exclaimed; but the Frog ignored the interruption and continued, "This is one of my favorite songs," and began to sing:

"There was a Frog whose name was
Fred;
He wore a cap upon his head,
A sporty coat of emerald green,
And a smile as wide as a soup tureen.

He had two feet with wiggly toes,
Two dimpled cheeks and turned up nose,
Two rougish eyes, so big and round,
And folding legs to reach the ground.

His feet were long and very thin;
He had no shoes to keep them in;
But here it might be mentioned that
The rest of him was rather fat.

And consequently it was said
That troubles seemed to follow Fred
About wherever he would go,
Like little puppies in a row.

The strange adventures he went through—
They would be strange if they were true—
I will relate if you have time
To listen to my jingling rhyme."

"Well, I have lots of time," said Johnnie Bob, "and I like jingles; but I don't care for poetry that is so good that I can't understand it."

The Frog opened his portfolio and brought out some sheets of music. After arranging them on a tree branch, he began to sing:

"A Frog lived in a garden
With roses overgrown,
But he was not contented
To stay there all alone.

He craved to seek adventure,
And so one summer day
He took his green umbrella
And gayly hopped away.

But as he rambled onward
With romance in his mind,
He failed to hear a Pussy
Steal softly up behind.

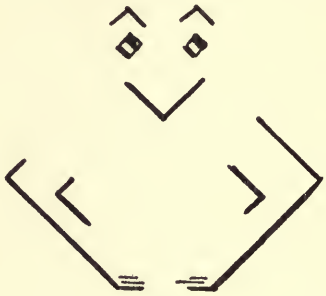
Her eyes were all a-glitter,
Upstanding was her fur;
The Pussy Cat was hunting,
And Frogs looked good to her.

A friendly Crab was passing,
And turned, with horror pale,
To seize with both his pincers
The end of Pussy's tail.

Then up the road dashed Pussy
In such a sorry plight
She failed to see the river
And modify her flight.

She fell into the water,
Much to her surprise,

And Froggie hurried homeward
Because he thought it wise.



"I feel sorry for the Cat," said Johnnie Bob. "I like Cats."

"Well, I don't," the Frog declared emphatically. "They can't be trusted. I wish we had an orchestra. I sing better with an orchestra. Here is a pretty little thing entitled, 'The Serenade.'

"The Frog put on his best green suit
One fragrant summer night,
And wandered in the garden fair
Beneath the pale moonlight.

He hopped beneath a pumpkin tree,
  Love's secret to impart—
It was the home of Lady Bug,
  The idol of his heart.

Upon his lips he pressed his horn,
  A serenade to play,
But only groans of anguish came—
  Alas and lack-a-day!

He puffed and blew with all his might,
  His cheeks got big and round;
But music he blew in so sweet
  Came out a sour sound.

The Fiddling Crab laughed loud and long,
  And whanged his violin.
The Lady Bug came out to look,
  And called her kitten in.

A harder puff, and from the horn
  A voice was heard to say,

'Please, Mister Frog, don't blow so hard;
You've blown my house away.'

A Snail then crawled from out the horn
With slow and measured pace,
'Why can't you let a fellow sleep?
You keep a noisy place!'

The Frog then trilled a soulful lay
In tones so sweet and clear,
That from her casement Lady Bug
Extended her left ear.

'Oh, play again,' the Lady sighed,
'Your music moves to tears.'
She coyly rolled her eyes about,
And wiggled both her ears.

But Froggie's tender heart was hurt;
He would no longer play,
But croaked a guttural 'Good night,'
And sadly hopped away."

"That is a sad song," said Johnnie Bob. "What did Freddy Frog do then?"

"I will tell you in this song," the Frog replied, arranging his music book. Then he began to sing:

"One day the Frog hopped out of his bog,
And bought a car with care;
In his new green suit, with a horn to toot,
He felt like a millionaire.

He drove along with a merry song,
And many a noisy chug,
Till he came, you know, to the bungalow
Of his friend, Miss Lady Bug.

He said, 'Miss Bug, come under the rug
In my nice new motor car;
We'll go for a spin, and we won't come in
Till we see the morning star.'

The road was fine, and straight as a line,
And the country fair to see.
They drove right fast till they came at last
To the home of the Bumble Bee.

Then he tried to speed his iron steed,
A safer place to find;
For near that door he was stung before—
And he wouldn't be stung behind.

With gloating glee the Bumble Bee
Proceeded to alight
On Froggie's back, alas, alack!
And stung with all his might.

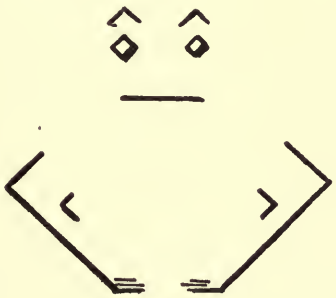
'Oh, Bumble Bee, why pick on me?
You've done a dreadful thing!'
The Bee just smiled, with manner mild,
And stung him another sting.

With a burning skin, the Frog jumped in,
And opened the throttle wide,

And never stopped till the auto dropped
In the river's cooling tide.

Miss Bug turned white in her terrible fright
As she clung to the car in fear,
And the things she said as on they sped
Will be omitted here.

But having said those words she spread
Her wings in homeward flight,
And now she walks on the daisy stalks
With the Grasshopper at night.



"It seems to me that the songs are getting sadder," said Johnnie Bob.

"This one is pathetic," the Frog replied. "I will sing it with a tremolo."

"The Frog one day went far away,
Adventure rashly seeking.
He left his silver horn, they say,
Because he did not like the way
The instrument was squeaking.

But it is said, the quadruped
Had hoisted for protection,
A green umbrella trimmed with red,
To keep the sunshine off his head,
And match his green complexion.

But he felt blue, and angry, too,
Because he was in trouble.
He croaked and croaked as Froggies do,
And always will, though it is true
It makes their troubles double.

His new machine, when last was seen,
Was sinking in the river;
And Lady Bug, that Peerless Queen,
Had flown away to meadows green
And left him in his 'fliver.'

He hopped the street with heavy feet,
Caring not a copper;
And on the corner chanced to meet,
And paused, most formally, to greet
The handsome young Grasshopper.

The Hop was dressed quite in his best,
And manicured neatly.
His Tailor, it must be confessed,
Had kept him nicely sponged and pressed,
And he was scented sweetly.

The Hopper said, 'Good morning, Fred,'
As they hopped along together.
'Why do you leave your mossy bed,

With a green umbrella trimmed with red,
In this hot summer weather?'

The Frog replied, as he wept and sighed,
With many a sob and shiver,
'I gave Miss Lady Bug a ride,
And asked her, flat, to be my bride,
But she left me in the river.

I love her more than ever before
A Bug was loved by a Froggie.
I could not tell how I adore,
Although I tried till my throat was sore,
And wept till my face was soggy.

Oh, woe is me! How can she be
So fundamentally fickle,
Or turn a deaf ear to my plea
When everyone can plainly see
It puts me in a pickle?

I took her out in my runabout,
And told of my love undying.
She laughed at me, and said, 'No doubt
As a suitor you are far too stout
For a Bug who likes high flying.'

She spoke of you, with favor, too;
Excuse me if I mention
The things that I intend to do
If I should ever find that you
Have paid her your attention.'

The Hopper rose upon his toes,
His jealous anger flaming,
And for a moment held the pose,
Then hurled these brave words through his nose
Defiantly proclaiming:

'Before I go I'll have you know
My manners are most courtly;

But for a Frog Lothario,
With legs that bow into an O,
You are a trifle portly.'

From Froggie's throat there came a croak,
His eyes popped out with passion;
His green umbrella nearly broke,
When with a mighty downward stroke
He missed the plate of fashion.

The Hopper hopped away, then stopped,
But courage growing bolder,
He turned about and lightly popped
Into the air and boldly dropped
On Froggie's heaving shoulder.

Now Hopper's legs are full of pegs,
And very rough with prickles,
Which titillated the integ-
Ument of Froggie till he begs,
Because the Hopper tickles.

'Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Don't tickle so,
For it is too exciting;
If you will only let me go
I'll hurry to my bungalow
And stop this foolish fighting.

Oh, woe is me! I'm doomed to be
A Bach with trouble flooded.
It serves me right, I must agree,
For entertaining jealousy
When naturally cold blooded.'

So to his bog hopped Freddy Frog
Feeling melancholy,
And wrote this motto on his log:
'For a Boy or for a Frog,
Fighting is but folly.'

And if in case you pass the place
Where Froggie sits tomorrow,
Observe the sadness of his face,

That even laughter can't erase,
And hear his croak of sorrow."

"Have you any songs about flying?" Johnnie Bob inquired. "I want to be an Aviator."

The Frog searched through his portfolio. "Yes, here is one. It is a pretty little thing about a Frog who went up in a flying machine. I think he was lucky to come down, don't you? I wish we had an orchestra. I sing better with an orchestra." He ran the scales again, then began to sing:

"Froggie went to see the Fair;
Such a lot of Frogs were there,
Papa Frogs and Mammas, too,

And little ones that wiggled through;
All impatient, could not wait,
So they crowded at the gate.

Froggie listened to the band;
Wandered past the buildings grand;
Saw the sparkling fountains play,
Stopped to catch the cooling spray;
Saw the statues, fair and tall,
And the frescoes on the wall;
Fed the Doves that fluttered near,
Cooing softly, free from fear;
Rested in a stately court
Where the Frogs for lunch resort,
And the flowers, sweet and rare,
Float their fragrance on the air.

Thus the golden hours passed
Swiftly by. He came at last
To the Court of Seasons where
Round about a garden fair,

Back of noble colonades,
Grouped the statues and cascades,
Born of Art and Mystic Lore,
Representing seasons, four—
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring;
Where the draping mosses cling
To the top of circling walls,
Over which the sunlight falls
Into fountains dancing free,
Singing Nature's melody.
Then he spied a Palace door
To the Exposition floor.
Down the wonder-bordered aisles
Froggie hopped for many miles,
Looking right and looking left,
Till of reason most bereft.

In a place called Varied Arts
Froggie ate a dozen tarts,
Shreaded wheat and peaches ripe,
Pickles and some Spanish tripe,

Peanuts and some fruited tar—
Strange how good such dainties are—
But when he ate the foodless cake
Froggie got the stomach ache.

There were so many things to see
That Froggie wandered aimlessly,
Till the fading of the light
Reminded him of coming night;
Then he sought the outer air
Thinking of the wonders there.

What a sight then met his gaze!
Clouds of fog seemed all ablaze,
Gleaming o'er the Jewel Tower
With rainbow tints and rocket shower.
Radiating rays of light
Flashed to left and flashed to right—
Red and white and azure blue,
Sky-wide fan of every hue—
Golden-yellow, purple, green—

Glories that were never seen,
But, perhaps, beneath the poles
Where the frigid ocean rolls.

In amazement Froggie stopped,
Looked awhile, then onward hopped
With the crowd now greater grown,
Surging forward to the Zone,
Where the Barkers, blythe and gay,
Shout in such a funny way
Of the marvels of their show:
'Walk right up and step right in,'
Mercy, what a frightful din!
Bands of music blare and boom.
'Pay a dime, there's lots of room.'
Froggie never missed a show
As he hopped along the row.

When he tired of the sights,
Wearied of the brilliant lights,
Froggie thought of home and bed,

Or place to lay his throbbing head.
So he wandered to the park,
Hoping that place might be dark;
But wherever search lights play
Night is just as bright as day.
But, at least, he trod upon
The cooling grass of velvet lawn.
There he saw a strange machine,
Like no other he had seen,
Resting with its wings outspread.
'Here,' he said, 'I'll make my bed.
My back is lame. My feet are sore.
I cannot stand a minute more.'
So Froggie hopped upon a wing,
And went to sleep—the silly thing.
I think 'twas careless though, don't you?
But no one knows what Frogs will do.

While Froggie in deep slumber lay,
A man approached in strange array,
And climbed into a narrow seat,

And on some levers placed his feet.
There came a fearsome whirring sound;
The motor roared and wheels went round.
The Frog awoke in freezing fright;
His heart near stopped when they took flight;
His eyes near popped from out his head,
And o'er him came a shaking dread.
He closed his mouth, and dared not shout
For fear his heart would tumble out.
Fear drove the Froggie near insane;
His bed was on an aeroplane.
Then up they sailed above the fair;
Far they flew in upper air.
The wind was blowing half a gale,
But Froggie held by tooth and nail,
And when they made a fearful swoop
That ended with a loop-the-loop,
He still clung on with all his might—
He lived a million years that night.

He looked below, on land and sea
A million lights there seemed to be;
He looked above, and in the air
A million more were flashing there;
And on the fog-banks they sailed through,
Played shafts of light of varied hue.

' 'Tis wondrous beautiful,' he said.
Perhaps it's heaven, and I am dead.'
And then he prayed, 'Alas, alack!
If I'm alive please take me back;
But if I'm dead, I'd quite as soon
Keep flying upward to the moon.'

There must have been some angel there
To pay attention to his prayer,
For soon they came a-slanting down,
And landed safely on the ground.
And as they came, he saw beyond
The Hall of Arts, a lily pond.
'To reach that place I must contrive,'
He said, 'if I remain alive.'

The moment that the motor stopped
The Frog from off the monster dropped.
He did not even hesitate
To say Good bye, but through the gate,
With mighty leaps, he hurried on,
To that protecting lily pond.

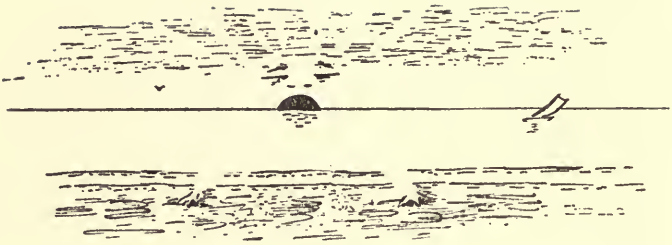
When the Frog, in glad surprise,
Saw the Fine Arts Palace rise,
Reflected in Diana's Pool,
So glassy still, and safe, and cool,
He said, 'Here is my happy home;
Here I will rest, no more to roam.
On no more ventures will I go,
But stay at home where tules grow.'

Now time has passed, but I allege
He still resides among the sedge,
As happy as a Frog can be,
Surrounded by his family.
There's Mamma Frog, now grown quite
stout,

And baby Frogs are all about;
And often, when the hour is late,
And all is still, he will relate
To wondering tadpoles gathered round,
His strange adventures, and the sound
Of solemn croaking fills the air,
When Froggie tells about the Fair."

"You have a powerful voice for such a small chest," Johnnie Bob complimented, as his new friend was gathering up his music books. "I have enjoyed it as much as could be expected; but, after all, I think I will be an Aviator. Do you happen to know of a Flying School around here?"

"Yes," the Frog replied. "There is a School of Flying Fishes over yonder in the ocean. I wish you luck. Now I must hurry to my choir rehearsal. Good-bye, Johnnie Bob." The Frog dove into the water and disappeared.



Boomaroar, King of the Sea.

Chapter V

Johnnie Bob Under the Sea

Johnnie Bob moved uneasily in his sleep. A smile flickered across his face. He turned upon his side and presently was back in Dreamland. He was at the seashore. The sun was sinking behind the ocean horizon as a great globe of dull red. From it to the waving ribbons of the surf, stretched a glittering pathway of light, reflecting the colorful glories of the skies. The waves were advancing in tireless succession to rear their green crests and topple forward in crashing cataracts of foam.

On the wet sand, just out of reach of the swirling waters, Sandpipers were running

about in a fantastic dance, singing in shrill voices, and hunting for whatever it is that Sandpipers hunt for.

A Mermaid was sitting nearby heaping sand over her tail, as Mermaids have a way of doing. Johnnie Bob sat down beside her. They were soon engaged in conversation about the weather, the bathing suits, and the treatment of sunburn.

An orchestra of Fiddling Crabs gathered on a dripping moss-covered rock. Soon they began to play. The Sandpipers stepped a lively quadrille while they sang:

"Come Johnnie Bob, and Mermaid fair,
With fishy tale and streaming hair,
Come Crabs and Lobsters, Starfish, too,
And Oysters saved from Oyster stew,
Come, every one and join the dance.
The music of the Crabs entrance;

Come, waltz and two-step, swing and
glide,
Before we in the ocean hide,
For love is young and tender.

Away with grief! Away with care!
For Boys are brave and Girls are fair.
Come join the dance—joy unconfined—
Another song if the Crabs don't mind.
Let song and laughter loudly ring!
The Mermaid's such a sweet young thing
That Johnnie Bob, her bashful friend,
Perhaps will wed her in the end,
While love is young and tender."

A Lobster arose and, marking time with a stalk of celery, with which every Lobster should be provided, sang tearfully:

"Love is a tender thing I trow;
If when we are young we say it 'No',
But laugh, 'Ha, ha;'

And sing, 'La, la;'
Then love will die in the spring, you know.
True love is rare,
So have a care,
A thoughtless word may make it go,
And when we are old we miss it so,
We miss it so!"

The Lobster's emotions overcame him, and sobbing as though his heart would break, he was led away by a Hard Shell Crab with blue legs and a red nose.

Said Johnnie Bob to the fair Mermaid,
"Tell me your name, and how you came
To play this curious, dreamy game
With a mortal boy like me.
I'm Johnnie Bob, and I'm not afraid
To fly or swim if I can persuade
A Maid like you to but agree
To let me join in the jubilee."

"I am the Princess Marmalade.
Far from the shore on the Ocean floor,
I live with my father, Boomaroar,
The King of the open Sea,
In a coral cave with a floor of jade,
With pearls and amber overlaid;
And if a Merman you would be,
We'll make you a member of the family."

"Oh, dear!" said Johnnie Bob, "after all, I don't know whether you are a girl, or a fish, or a breakfast food."

"I am the sweet you like the most.
You met me first on a breakfast tray,
Where I reposed, in a tempting way,
By the side of the buttered toast."

"That makes it perfectly clear," Johnnie Bob replied. "I would like to go to your palace of coral and jade, and ask Booma-

roar to change me into a Merman, that is, if he has the time, and it isn't too much trouble, or anything."

"Then I will see you again," the Mermaid replied, smiling, "but before you interview father it may be well to learn to fly."

"I want to learn to fly, but I can't find a Flying School."

"I know where there is one," a Flying Fish interrupted, as he flopped about on the wet sand taking his open air exercises. "Can you swim?"

"Well, no. That is, not in water."

"Well, how do you expect to learn to fly if you can't even swim? You must dive in the water sometimes to rest, and how can you swim if you drown? Answer me that. As it is, I suppose I will have to lend you a swimming bladder and a pair of magic fins, and hold my tail under your chin all the way over."

A Lobster, who had overheard this conversation, flicked his feelers and wrung his claws nervously. His eyes stood out like shoe buttons on sticks. "I am astonished," he said, "alarmed and astonished, Johnnie Bob, that you should think of flying. You and I are provided with plenty of legs, and should be content to walk. I have learned by sad experience. In my youth I was green, but my adventurous nature led me into traps and I soon found myself in hot water. Whenever I get into hot water I turn red with embarrassment. I am naturally tender and sensitive, although the ways of the world have hardened me somewhat on the outside. Heed the friendly warning of an experienced Lobster, and beware of the greedy ceatures you will meet—

Beware the red-nosed Alcojinx,
Who rides the bubbles of the wine;

He lures and lulls and leers and loots
And haunts the places where you dine.

Beware the dread Stockbrokerjax,
With tangle-tape and sharkous jaw;
Keep well beyond his ticker-teeth,
Or he will snaff you in his maw.

Beware the Richquickhocuspoke;
Heed not his boastful, lieful bleats.
He makes his meals on trusting Eels,
And purrs with pleasure while he eats.

Beware the beauteous Vampire Bird;
The Siren singing on the reef;
And Lorelei, who lie and lie,
To lure the Mariner to grief.

Beware the gilded Cabaret,
With band of syncopated jazz,
Where Birds that prey and Fish that pay
Dance in a giddy razmadaz.

Beware the sleuthous Motorcop,
Who clocks you from his lair unseen,
And follows on his put-put wheel
To tie a tag on your machine."

Johnnie Bob buckled on the swimming bladder and the magic fins, then running towards the water leaped into the air and soared across the breakers in company with the Flying Fish. They soon dropped into the sea and swam leisurely along above a forest of sea weed.

From far over the water came faintly the voice of Marmalade:

"Dear Johnnie Bob, most careful be,
And hurry back to toast and tea.
Meet all the dangers unafraid,
But don't forget your Marmalade."

Johnnie Bob soon became much interested in the curious scenery under the sea, and in

the strange fish that were going about on their various errands. In a meadow of sea moss a herd of Sea Cows were contentedly grazing, guarded by a pack of Dog Fish. Sea Urchins, going home from school were playing by the way. They passed a school of Sardines who were singing:

"We are the Sardines who must not forget
To hasten away from the Fisherman's net,
For when we are caught, what a pickle we're in,
For there isn't much room in a Sardine tin.

Homeless and boneless, we cry with dismay;
With oils and with mustard they pack us away,

And dash us with garlic to make us grow
strong,
And seal us up tight so we cannot go
wrong.

They garnish and varnish and label us
prime,
And pack us in sizes to sell for a dime.
A key to unseal us in sent with us free,
But the tear tapers off when they roll up
the key."

The song of the Sardines had become faint in the distance when they met a melancholy Shad.

"Why are you so sad?" Johnnie Bob inquired.

"I'm in love," the Shad replied, bursting into tears.

"Why should love make a Shad sad?"

"She is a beautiful Jelly Fish" the Shad

continued, ignoring the question. "She trembles with emotion at my approach, and yet, I fear she loves me not. I sang her this song:

Oh, Jelly Fish! Dear Jelly Fish,
I love you more and more;
As days go by I sit and sigh,
And worship and adore.

Your graceful form is haunting me;
I cannot sleep at night;
Please, Jelly Fish, give me my wish;
Have pity on my plight.

If you will be more kind to me,
More careful with your stings,
I'll even try my best to fly
As soon as I grow wings.

I know I am a bony fish,
And slender in the waist;
But my white meat is very sweet,
Delicious to the taste.

I like your soft and tender ways,
The beauty of your soul;
So have no fear, my Jelly Dear,
But be my Jelly Roll."

"That is very touching," said Johnnie Bob, winking a tear from his eye, "and what did the Jelly Fish do then?"

The sad Shad lifted up his gills in a deep sigh and replied: "She said these cruel words:

" 'Dear Mr. Shad, I'm glad to see
You have a gift for poetry;
Your style, however, seems to be
Too frivolous and light.
If you would sing, with dignity,
A sonnet, or an ode to me,
I might evince more sympathy
With your poetic flight.

But as it is, I beg to state,
I have no time to educate
A Fish who dares to perpetrate
A a roundelay like that.
And also, I might intimate,
As Critic most affectionate,
You do not well articulate;
Besides, Dear Shad, you're flat."

"And what did you do then?" asked Johnnie Bob.

"I sang her a sonnet."

"If I could only have the wings to fly
Away from all the troubles that surround,
How gladly would I rise above the ground
And carry you, my Dear Heart, through the sky
To that fair moonlit Land of By-and-by,

Where only love and happiness abound,
And roses of content and peace are found
That will not ever fade away nor die.

For in that far-off, flower-decked retreat,
Among the jasmine bloom the Love Bird sings,
Inviting us to make our joy complete
With all the happiness that true love brings,
In that sweet ecstacy when kisses meet—
If I had wings, Dear Heart, if I had wings."

"And what did the Jelly Fish do then?"

"She sang another stanza," sobbed the Shad.

"My bony Friend, I sympathize
With all you said about the skies,

My graceful form, and dreamy eyes;
I must admit you're right.
But, Goodness Gracious! don't you know
I cannot wait for wings to grow
Upon a Fish who is so slow?
So, Mr. Shad, Good Night."

'Oh, I am not appreciated!" the Shad wailed, sniffingly, as the tears streamed down his nose. "I'm only a poor old Shad, full of romance and rheumatism, and shaddest when I shing."

"Then don't sing," Johnnie Bob advised.

For some time they traveled in silence, each being busy with his own thoughts, but when a Seal family overtook them, the conversation became animated.

Said the Shad to the Seal, "Where do
you go—
For you seem to be a rover—

When the Frigid Zone is bound with
snow,
And the temperature so very low
That the North Sea freezes over?"

"We go," said the Seal, from the North-
ern Wild
To the South for warmer weather,
Where the shore is green, and the air is
mild
To the Summer Isles with wife and child,
And we swim along together."

Said the Seal to the Shad, "Why do you
swim
In the springtime up the river,
Leaping falls and the rocky rim,
To the sandy bars where the waters brim,
And rest there all a-quiver?"

"We go," said the Shad, "to the purling
pool,
At the foot of the falling waters
That stream from the mountains, clear
and cool,
For there is our home, and the summer
school
Of our little sons and daughters."

While this dialogue was going on the baby Seal began to cry. The mother Seal patted it affectionately with a flipper and crooned a Seal Lullaby:

"Lull-a-by, lull-a-by. Go fast asleep
My little baby Seal out on the deep,
Floating at ease on the ocean you love
With friendly old Albatross watching
above.

Lull-a-by, lull-a-by. Fear not the storm
Lifting the combers in mountainous form;
Fear not the lightning, nor thunderous peal,
For no harm can come to my dear baby Seal.

Lull-a-by, lull-a-by. Billows your bed,
Pillows of feather-foam under your head,
Rocking to sleep in the trough of the sea,
Lulled by the hurricane's deep melody.

Lull-a-by, lull-a-by. Sleep baby mine,
Safe in the open sea breasting the brine.
Sleep, for your mother is watching near by,
Crooning the tune of a sea lull-a-by."

The Seal family and the Sad Shad went on their various ways. Johnnie Bob and the Flying Fish continued their search for the

Palace of Boomaroar, pausing, while passing through a beautiful submarine garden, to pick a few ripe oysters from the heavily loaded oyster plants, and to refresh themselves with the delicious ocean currents.

On resuming their search, they had not proceeded far when they were challenged by a Sword Fish doing sentry duty.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A fish and a boy and a bag of currents."

"Advance, and leave the currents."

"Advance where?"

"To the Palace of Boomaroar. Turn to the right, then to the left, right, left, right, left, right, left, now you've got it, try to keep it."

"Oh, dear, how confusing everything is," thought Johnnie Bob. "Am I marching or swimming. Am I a fish with feet, or a boy with a fishy tale that no one will believe?"

The Flying Fish made no reply. They

came to the opening to a great cave. A red Rock Cod was on guard. The Flying Fish flicked his tail in a friendly way, and inquired, "Is this the palace of Boomaroar?"

"It is," the Cod replied. "Do you know the countersign?"

"Of course I do. What is it?"

"Peanut butter."

"That's right. Peanut butter," the Flying Fish whispered mysteriously, as he winked his glassy eye.

"Fresh fish," the Cod exclaimed, and opened his mouth threateningly, but the Flying Fish and Johnnie Bob darted into the cave. They soon found themselves in a lofty hall with walls and ceiling or red coral. Myriads of phosphorescent creatures were swimming about, giving out a faint, mysterious light.

Fierce fighting fish in irridescent scales were lazily patroling the still waters. A

clerical appearing Squid with an ink sack was writing at a desk. An official Octopus watched the visitors with sinister eyes.

At the distant end of the hall, on a throne of coral, sat Boomaroar, King of the Sea, surrounded by his court of Mermen and Mermaids. Along the sides of the hall were piled in prodigal confusion silver bars, golden vessels, and Pirate's chests from whose broken sides streamed a litter of Spanish doubloons, pieces of eight, strings of pearls, and sparkling jewels.

"I know this place," Johnnie Bob exclaimed. "It's Davy Jones' locker!" and he began to gather up the treasure, but stopped abruptly and allowed them to drop when he saw the Octopus glaring at him. "Oh, did you see him give me that ugly look?"

"Yes," the Flying Fish replied, "and judging from his face, I think he is the sort of person who would kick the catfish."

"Silence!" hissed the Octopus. "His majesty bids you speak."

"How do you address a King?" implored Johnnie Bob. "Do I have to use a lot of big words, and be formal like a lawyer, or just natural and incoherent?"

"Speak," commanded the Octopus, raising a tentacle.

Johnnie Bob swollowed hard several times, then managed to stammer: "If you please Mister King Boomaroar, I would like to be a Merman and have a tail, and fins, and swimming bladder, and Marmalade, and, and, and everything."

Boomaroar arose and, stroking his beard, regarded Johnnie Bob thoughtfully. Then he began in a loud voice that echoed through the halls and corridors:

"I am Boomaroar, King of the Sea,
And all the elements work for me.

I hold the winds in my right hand,
Or blow them over sea and land;
And with my other mighty fist
I sow the rain and snow and mist.
The lightning flashes from my eyes,
And in my voice the thunder lies;
So bow the head and bend the knee,
For all the elements work for me.

I am Boomaroar, King of the Sea,
Show due respect to my Majesty.
I show my face in the changing moon;
I ride the clouds of the wild typhoon,
And deep beneath the ocean waves
I hold my court in my coral caves.
My finny subjects all obey,
They find it better to do that way;
For I am Boomaroar, King of the Sea,
And all the fish are afraid of me.

I am Boomaroar, King of the Sea.
I rule with the greatest severity.
The sailor who would escape my wrath,
Should always follow the charted path,
And watch the compass, chart, and wheel,
For I crush the ribs of the ship of steel
With an iceberg, wreck, or mighty wave,
Or the hidden stone of a seaman's grave.
If you would live in the ocean free,
Pay strict attention to my decree.

I am Boomaroar, King of the Sea,
And all its treasures belong to me—
The liner proud, the man-of-war,
The lifeboat lost with the broken oar,
The Roman galley, the Chinese junk,
And every ship that was ever sunk.
I hold them all in my treasure chest,
For the bones of men within them rest,
Safe and sealed till the judgment day
Shall roll the seas and skies away.

I am Boomaroar, King of the Sea,
And if a Merman you would be
You must patrol the slimy decks
Of the ships that sunk in the ocean wrecks.
You must guard the wealth of a million years—
The bones, and gold, and the bitter tears
That fell when the Sailor came no more
To his wife and child on the ocean shore.
All the tears that fall for those lost at sea
You must guard through all eternity,
For I've hoarded them up for a million years,
Till the ocean is but a sea of tears.
To guard them well you must agree,
If my Merman you would be."

Johnnie Bob was so frightened and nervous that he swallowed a mouthful of salt water before he managed to stammer:

"This is a game I have never played,
But I'll do a lot for Marmalade;
To have her at breakfast, lunch, and tea
I'll be a Merman in the sea."

"Then rise and swim," said Boomaroar,
For you'll be a Merman evermore."

The Mermen raised conch shells to their lips and blew a loud fanfare as the Mermaids escorted Johnnie Bob to the throne, singing:

"Welcome Johnnie Bob, the hero,
Meeting dangers unafraid.
Johnnie has no fear of fishes,
Doughnuts, pies, or other dishes,
And he loves his Marmalade.

Welcome Johnnie Bob, the Merman,
To his seat beside the King.
Now that he has tail and flippers,
Put away his Christmas slippers
With his coat and everything."

The denizens of the deep came before Boomaroar with their complaints and petitions. A Clam stretched out his neck and in a petulant voice addressed the King:

King of the Sea, behold I am
A calm and meditative Clam.
My words are few, and I am prone
To spend my days and nights alone
In introspective study since
My arguments will not convince
The Oyster, though I talk for days,
The sinful error of his ways.

That lazy Mollusk never tries
To take much needed exercise,
But spends far too much time in bed;
Nor does he work, but plays instead
With Lobsters and with Starfish friends;
And frequently the evening ends
In music, revelry, and song,

Which to a Clam is very wrong.
Such wicked levity will lead
To some sad end. I fear, indeed,
Unless he grows sedate and thin
The oyster rake will scoop him in;
And then—tobasco and cracked ice,
The loss of Oyster paradise,
And half undressed, Oh, sad to tell!
Be served with lemon, on the shell.
And so I come to agitate,
And ask for laws to regulate
The habits of the festive Oyster,
To make him less inclined to royster."

"Clams are Clams," the King replied.
"Clams have lived and Clams have died,
But never yet has one become
So wise as to be deaf and dumb
About the personal affairs
Of others in their private lairs.
All the Clams I ever saw

Were stewed, or baked, or eaten raw.
The finish seems to be the same
For Clams as for the ones you name.
Why introduce discord and strife
Into the Oyster's happy life?
Why criticize the Lobster's way
Because he spends his life in play?
If joy and mirth offend your ears,
Hide in the sand and shed your tears;
And if the bright lights hurt your eyes,
Beware the lights of paradise.
Draw in your neck and close your door,
And Clam, be dumb for evermore."

A Crab came up to the throne walking sideways in a furtive manner and addressed the King:

"I'm a solemn old Crab,
And I wear only drab,
The good things of life I abstain of;

How can the world be
So joyous and free
When I see so much to complain of?

The world is all wrong
With its music and song,
I have not a friend to apply to;
And no one can know
Half my troubles and woe,
In fact, I suspect they don't try to.

Whenever I go
And tell all I know—
And scandals, of course, agonize me—
The neighborhood hears
With its wiggly ears,
Then they all turn around and despise me.

So, I ask you to make
All the people to take
  To their hearts some pet sorrow and
    love it;
And then they will know
That woe is below,
  And nothing much better above it."

And then spoke the King:
"It's a profitable thing
  To bring joy to the sad and dejected,
For it's my belief,
If we cause joy or grief,
  The same back to us is reflected.

All creatures despise
The repeater of lies—
  And most evil rumors are fables—
But those who will praise
Will be blest all their days,
  Defended when time turns the tables.

Kind words are the best,
And when you invest
  In critical language, select them;
No investment will pay
Such a profit each day
  As courteous words, so collect them.

We do a great wrong
When we silence a song;
  By regrets we forever are haunted.
This world has no room
For the Makers of Gloom,
  But Smilers are everywhere wanted.

Now this is the law
For the Crab with the claw:
  The way to have peace is to live it;
Wear a smile on your face;
Yield a point with good grace,
  And if you want happiness, give it."

When King Boomaroar had decided all the questions, and judged all the quarrels with justice, wisdom and mercy, he arose and dismissed the Court with these few remarks:

"Farewell my Subjects, I must go
Away to the rising Moon,
To show my face in the shadows there,
For the tides depend on my constant care.
I smile on them, and they gayly rise;
But they recede from my frowning eyes.
The tides are high, or the tides are low
According to how my favors go;
And I keep the world in tune.
But before I go, I must pause to blow
A blast on my loud bassoon
To send a warning of dappled clouds,
And a breath of wind to the idle shrouds
Of the ships becalmed in the Southern Sea,
That Sailor Men, whom I love, may flee

To harbors safe, where the palm trees
grow
And pearly shells through the waters
show,
Away from a great typhoon."

After the King had departed, the Mer-people swam about the cave playing the games of the deep sea. Johnnie Bob joined them with spirit in an effort to learn all the ways of the Mermen and Mermaids. When his newly acquired swimming muscles became weary he sat upon a Pirate's treasure chest to rest. From the broken sides of the treasure chest precious stones had escaped and lay on the sandy sea bottom in a sparkling pile. Johnnie Bob picked up a strand of pearls to admire their lustrous beauty.

"Handle them carefully, Johnnie Bob," warned a Merman, "for they are Mermaid's tears."

'Mermaid's tears?" Johnnie Bob inquired. "How can that be?"

"It is a long and sad story," the Merman answered, reclining on the sand. "Perhaps I had better sing it to you."

"By all means sing it."

"Very well, since you insist." The Merman began to sing:

The Sailor was a handsome lad
On a whaler from Dundee.
His hair was red and his eyes were blue,
And on his face the freckles grew;
He fought with gloves as Sailors do,
And there were few in the bloomin' crew
Who could box as well as he, at sea;
To which they would all agree.

Blue snakes were tattooed on his arms
And ships upon his breast.
His name was Jack, as it should be,

And any lad who goes to sea
Should take the same first name as he,
For it does agree with poetry;
  And all the girls confessed when pressed
  That they liked Jack the best.

The Sailor met, on a tropic shore,
  A Mermaid fair to see;
And he loved the gentle Mermaid so
He vowed that he would never go
Away from where bananas grow,
And trade winds blow, yo, ho; yo, ho!
  Till she listened to his plea to be
  His heart's divinity.

The Sailor Lad made love to her
  As a Sailor only can.
He told her that his love was true
As stars that shine in heaven's blue;
He played the ukulele, too;
The whole night through he'd thum and
coo

Aloha, time and time again,
In Poly-ne-si-an.

The Mermaid loved the Sailor Lad,
And on the shore all day,
She sat and combed her raven hair,
And looked at him with a baby stare.
The whaler sailed and left him there,
But he didn't care, she was so fair
He said that he would stay for aye,
And never go away.

The happy days went swiftly by,
And the trade winds softly blew,
In that paradise where the palm trees rise
From sandy beach into burning skies;
But Jack still gazed in the Mermaid's eyes.
He told love-lies between his sighs,
And she told him a few, quite new,
As Mermaids sometimes do.

Without a care, and free as air,
They roamed along the coast;
And in romantic South Sea ways
They lived on mussels bordelaise,
And lobster, broiled before a blaze,
With mayonnaise, for days and days,
And fishes they could catch and roast,
And Marmalade and toast.

Alas, their dream of bliss was short!
For now I must confess,
That when a ship came to the bay,
Forgetful of his vows to stay,
The Sailor gaily sailed away
For far Cathay, and sad to say,
He mentioned no address; I guess
He thought it was not best.

The Mermaid followed to the reef
Where the crested breaker curls,
And then she set her lover free,

For Mermaids love unselfishly,
But tears in true-love purity
Fell in the sea unceasingly,
And crystalized to pearls—to pearls—
They crystalized to pearls.

The Mermaid in the Southern Sea
Still mourns through lonely years;
And if you listen you may hear
Come from the ocean to your ear,
Her mournful sobbing, sad and drear.
All things are dear that cost a tear,
And pearls are Mermaid's tears, my dears,
Pearls and Mermaid's tears."

The lusty singing of the Merman attracted the Mermaids. They gathered around in a circle and listened intently.

"And what are opals?" Johnnie Bob inquired, picking up a handful of the fiery gems

in whose mysterious depths lurked the ever-changing colors.

"Opals are Nature's color photographs of beautiful color displays," the Merman replied. "For instance, in this opal you will see a sunrise on the desert; in this, a sunset in the tropics after a storm; in this, a forest fire, across a lake.

"I think they are more than that," a Mermaid added. "They are beautiful thoughts which were never expressed nor put into action. The Fairies gathered up those beautiful thoughts and, lest they be lost, preserved them in everlasting stone to give pleasure to others forever."

Heaven sent the dreams of childhood,
  Whence there came
Hopes for happiness and service,
  Wealth and fame.
When they failed of realizing,

Fairies saved, immortalizing
All good hopes, by crystalizing
Them to flame;
And the flaming, flashing Opals
They became.

Dreams and songs and plans that perished
All unknown,
Rosy hopes and high ambitions
Overthrown,
Live forever, and their presence,
With their flashing evanescence,
Gives the mystic irridescence
To the stone,
Which the Fairies have enchanted
As their own."

"Johnnie Bob, Johnnie Bob! You are not paying attention," the Mermaid was saying.

"Excuse me. I am sure I heard the Opals speaking to me."

"Very likely," the Mermaid replied, "for they do sometimes speak to those who love them, and who are fine enough to understand. In them are crystalized all the noble ambitions of childhood, that are lost in the grind of the grown-ups."

Johnnie Bob looked at the Opals again with a new interest. They seemed to flash a friendly recognition, and one by one they spoke to him:

"I was a Song that was never sung."
"I was a Picture, never painted,
Of a wished-for home where the roses clung."
"I was a Prayer of a Mother, sainted."

"I was a Love that was never told."
"I was a Poem, never printed,
Of a wondrous Love that would not grow cold."
"I was Ambition, rainbow tinted."

"I was a fair and a good Intent
Made soft by fire, and misdirected;
I fell by the furnace, broken, bent,
By iron circumstance deflected."

"I was a Hope for a useful life
To God, and Man, and all things human;
But I was lost in the cruel strife,
Yet, I still bring cheer, on the hand of
Woman."

The conversation was interrupted by the sound of commotion in the grotto. Mermaids came swimming by. Some were blowing horns of conch shells, while others were singing:

"Here comes Marmalade, the Princess,
Riding on a breakfast roll;
And Miss Jelly, Maid of Quinces,
Shaking in a crystal bowl.

Where they came from doesn't matter,
For beside them on a platter
Comes a smoking English Sole.

Everyone arise to greet them—
Rise at once or we'll be late—
We are always glad to meet them
Waiting by the breakfast plate.
Let us then be up and doing
For I smell the coffee brewing,
And it must be nearly eight;
Yes, it must be nearly eight."

"Wake up, Johnnie Bob. It's time to get up."

Johnnie Bob heard indistinctly as in a dream. There was a kiss on his cheek. He opened his eyes. His Mother was smiling down upon him.

"Wake up, my boy. Breakfast is ready."

"Oh, Mother, I have had such a wonderful dream! May I have marmalade for breakfast?"

THE END

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